

DOCTOR · WHO

FRIED DEATH

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WEIRD. THAT *TRACE*
WE LOCKED ON TO HAS
GOTTA BE COMING FROM
ROUND ABOUT HERE!

breep
breep
breep

FORGET THE *FREAKY*
ALIEN ENERGY SOURCE,
DOCTOR. I DETECT
SOMETHING *ELSE*...

AWW, NOT
MORE CHIPS!

TERRY'S *cafe*

YES, MORE CHIPS!
THOSE *SKINNY*
LEGS OF YOURS
NEED FILLING UP!

YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO SOUND JUST
LIKE YOUR
MOTHER...

SAUSAGE +
CHIPS
EGG + CHIPS
BURGER +
CHIPS
CHIP BUTTIES
CHIPS + CHIPS
← TERRY'S





OH! OH!
OOH-!

BLIMEY. WHO ATE
ALL THE PIES?
I THINK WE KNOW.

DOCTOR, IT'S NOT
FUNNY! LOOK AT
HIM, HE'S GONNA -



...BURST.

YUCK.



COR, THAT'S
BETTER.

STARVING NOW.
TERRY, ISN'T IT?
ANOTHER FRIED
DEATH, IF YOU
COULD!

EXPLAIN
THAT, MR
SEEN-IT-ALL-
BEFORE...

EASY. THAT, MS
EYES-WIDE-IN-
ASTONISHMENT
- IS A
GASTRONAUT!

A GASTRO-WHAT?



SHLOOP!

WELL, 'GASTRONAUT' IS
HOW THEY'RE KNOWN.
A RACE LIKE *RUSSIAN*
DOLLS, WITH ONE BODY
GROWING INSIDE ANOTHER.

THEY EXIST ONLY
TO FEED THE NEXT
VERSION OF
THEMSELVES. AND
BOY, DO THEY HAVE
AN APPETITE...!

SO WHAT'S IT
DOING HERE
ON EARTH?

EATING, EARTHLET,
EATING! THE FOOD OF
THIS WORLD IS SO NEW
AND EXCITING - WITH
ALL ITS CONGEALED
FATS AND COMPLEX
CARBOHYDRATES...

A WHOLE NEW
COOKING FRONTIER,
AND I DISCOVERED IT!

THAT'S ALRIGHT,
I GUESS, SO
LONG AS YOU
HAVEN'T -



FWIP!

FWIP!

FWIP!

FWIP!

AHEM.

...TOLD YOUR
FRIENDS...

SOON...

SEVENTEEN MORE FRIED DEATH BREAKFASTS!

WHA-? BUT I'M ALL OUT OF BACON!

OH-KAY, THE ALIEN INVASION OF THE A342 SERVICES. WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

DUNNO, ROSE - I'M THINKING. GASTRONALITS ARE LIKE LOCUSTS. ONCE THEY GET ESTABLISHED, THEY COULD PICK THE PLANET CLEAN!

NO, REALLY?

REALLY...

MIND OUT - TELEPOD™ ARRIVING!

FWIP!

HEY!

IT'S THE LATEST THING IN TELEPORT TECHNOLOGY...

FLASH GIT.

MY NAME IS RAMMZI. I WISH TO SPEAK TO THE CHEF!

'RAMMZI'. SHOULD I HAVE HEARD OF HIM?

HE'S A TV CHEF. OWNS THOUNDRS OF RESTAURANTS...

BIT OF A TEMPER, MIND. THEY SAY HE FILLETED A WASHER-UPPER WHO LEFT A SLIGHTLY DIRTY PAN!

YOU ARE THE OWNER OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT? YOU DEVISED THIS EXTRAORDINARY CUISINE?

IT'S TERRY. AND, UH - YEAH, S'POSE...

LOOK, DO YOU MIND? I'M HAVING A KITCHEN NIGHTMARE HERE!

TERRY, YOUR FOOD IS THE NEW TASTE SENSATION. I WANT YOU TO COME AND WORK FOR ME...

AS PROOF OF MY INTENTIONS, I OFFER YOU - THESE!

WHAT YOU GOT IN -?

FWAUGH, THEY HONK! GET 'EM OFF THE COUNTER, HEALTH & SAFETY'LL SHUT ME DOWN!



TROUBLE, TERRY?

AH, GLITTER BIRD GUANO. IT'S *RARER* THAN GOLD, YOU KNOW. NOT EXACTLY HARD CURRENCY, BUT IT'LL MAKE YOU RICH...

NOT ROLIND THESE PARTS, IT WON'T!



LOOK, MISTER RAMMZI - I BUILT THIS PLACE UP FROM NOTHING. I'M HAPPY HERE. SO PUT YOUR BIRD POO AWAY...

AND CLEAR OFF, YOU AND THE REST OF YOU ALIEN FREAKS!

YOU DARE? YOU DARE TURN RAMMZI DOWN?!!



CHOPBOTS™ - RESTRAIN HIM!

I'LL MAKE A GALAXY-WIDE CHAIN OUT OF THIS CAFF, EVEN IF I HAVE TO EXTRACT HIS SECRETS FROM HIS LIVING BRAIN!

WHIRR!

WHIZZ!

EEK!



OH WOW, RAMMZI'S GONNA PUREE THE CHEF'S MIND!

HE'S ALWAYS DOING THAT. I HEARD PUKKA OLIFFA OF GEEZA-7 HAD A LOWER IQ THAN HIS OWN VEGETABLE COURSE ONCE THE CHOPBOTS™ HAD FINISHED WITH HIM!

P-PLEASE, LET ME GO!



'SECRETS'? WHAT 'SECRETS'? WAKE UP, RAMMZI -

GLUB!

SPLASH!

THERE'S NOTHING SECRET ABOUT A GOOD FRY-UP. EVEN MY MUM DOES IT BETTER!



YOUR... MOTHER...?

WHIRR?

THAT'S RIGHT! JACKIE TYLER! AND SHE DOESN'T BURN THE SAUSAGES, NEITHER...

OOPS.

WREE?



THIS GIRL KNOWS OF A SUPERIOR CHEF ON THIS PLANET! CHOPBOTS™ - SLUICE THE KNOWLEDGE FROM HER BRAIN...

AND THEN WE'LL GO AFTER HER MOTHER!

WHIRR!

VREE!

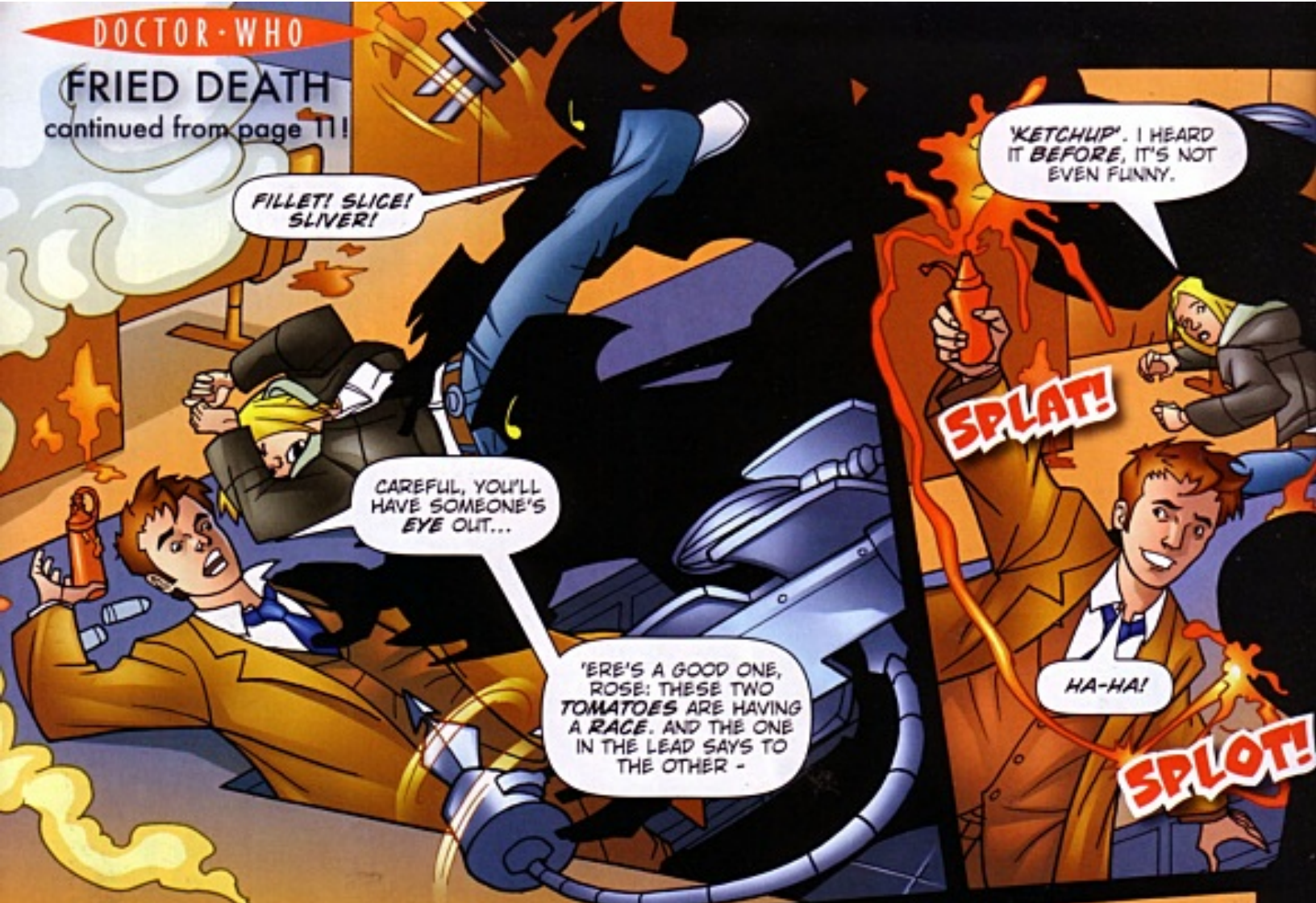
AAAAH -!

EEEEEEEEOOOOOWWWWWW!

HELP! FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS ON PAGE 32!

FRIED DEATH

continued from page 11!



FILLET! SLICE!
SLIVER!

CAREFUL, YOU'LL
HAVE SOMEONE'S
EYE OUT...

'ERE'S A GOOD ONE,
ROSE: THESE TWO
TOMATOES ARE HAVING
A RACE. AND THE ONE
IN THE LEAD SAYS TO
THE OTHER -

'KETCHUP'. I HEARD
IT BEFORE, IT'S NOT
EVEN FUNNY.

SPLAT!

HA-HA!

SPLAT!



VISUAL
SENSORS
AFFECTED!

DUCK!

GUT THEM,
YOU FOOLS!
GUT THEM OR
I'LL - NNG!

WHAT
NOW?

TIME I PUT A
STOP TO ALL
THIS MADNESS.
HEY, YOU!

M-ME?

DUNNO ABOUT YOU,
BUT I'D SAY THIS
PLACE HAS GONE
RIGHT DOWNHILL
RECENTLY...

WHA-A-NNGGG!



YOU THINK?

OH YEAH, THE FOOD'S NOWHERE NEAR AS GOOD AS IT USED TO BE. NOW FOR A REAL GUTBUSTER - HESTON BLESTON AT THE FAT BUCK, QUADRANT 92...

FIRST LEFT AFTER THE HORSEHEAD NEBULA, YOU CAN'T MISS IT!



...NOT AS GOOD AS IT USED TO BE...

...SINCE THE HOI POLLOI GOT WIND OF IT...

...EGGS ARE SO NAIVE...

...DECOR IS SOOO LAST YEAR...

...OVERPRICED...

...SERVICE INDIFFERENT

STOMP!

CRUNK!



W-WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

THE THING THAT MAKES AND BREAKS RESTAURANTS, OLD SON...

FWIP!

WORD OF MOUTH.



WHERE'RE YOU OFF TO? WE GOTTA GET READY FOR THE MORNING RUSH!

YOU CRAZY MAN! YOU THINK I WANT TO WORK IN A PLACE FULL OF MONSTERS?

I'M GONNA GET A NICE SAFE JOB INSTEAD...

...WHUH?



DOCTOR, LOOK! RAMMZI'S FIDDLING WITH HIS TELEPOD™!

IS HE, NOW?

...GOTTA GET AWAY...



LATER, BACK IN THE TARDIS

...BUT WHATEVER HE'S DONE, WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE RAMMZI ON EARTH!

I'VE SENT A MESSAGE TO HIS PEOPLE, THEY'LL GET IT IN A COUPLE OF HUNDRED YEARS...

YEAH, BUT WHAT'S HE GONNA DO IN THE MEANTIME?



'WELL, SINCE TERRY LOST HIS WAITRESS, I FIGURED - THERE'S A JOB GOING, RIGHT...?'

...AND WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED THE FLOOR, THE TOILETS NEED CLEANING.

BAH!

NEXT ISSUE: MORE DANGER AND ADVENTURES!